

THE CANADIAN FORUM



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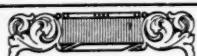


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MY imagination is unable to conceive how there could be any improper motive," were the words of the Prime Minister of Canada in referring to a letter written by Mr. Wigmore. Mr. Wigmore is a minister of the crown. He is also a member of the firm of Nagle and Wigmore of St. John, N.B. In his dual capacity of administrator and money-maker he had communicated on government paper with a French firm mentioning the fact that he was Minister of Customs and soliciting business for Nagle and Wigmore. Mr. Wigmore is comparatively new to public life. His entry into the government was a part of Mr. Meighen's reconstruction of the cabinet on his elevation. The innocence of political youth, however, does not excuse his offence. No man fit for public life could for one moment have thought of doing such a thing. But more serious even than the writing of the letter is the fact that its publication was not attended by his resignation but rather was condoned by his leader, the first citizen of Canada. So long as a minister of the crown can remain in public life for twenty-four hours after having abused his oath by such conduct we can expect neither honest business nor honest politics in Canada.

THE Fordney bill is about to become law. Even before its passing farm products in Canada are showing a marked decline in price. Now that its best and most convenient market is fenced off Canadian agriculture faces the prospect of very serious readjustment. It is not for us to criticize our neighbours. Their act injures us; in the end it will probably injure themselves no less. The hampering of the farmer and the increasing of costs for the manufacturer will make for stagnation in American industry and commerce. For ourselves we cannot complain. In 1911 we decided to reject partial reciprocity when it was offered, although we had frequently asked for it. In 1920 by order-in-council we placed an embargo on the shipment of sugar out of Canada, and thus allowed the abrogation of contracts amounting to many millions made by our sugar companies with American firms. Neither affront was excusable by the exigencies of war-time. The former was a combination of bad policy and !ogn

patriotism; the latter an example of the repudiation of international contracts in the interests neither of good will nor of good business. In the present instance our only course is to wait till Mr. Harding and his friends have learned their lesson; and in the meantime to exert ourselves to sell our surplus products in Great Britain and elsewhere.

FAILURE on the part of the Canadian Government to make use of the findings of the Tariff Commission raises the question as to the real purpose of the whole inquiry. We were promised a revision of the tariff following a thorough investigation of the facts. The inquiry was made at great public expense and greater private expense. For months three members of the Government toured the country, hearing witnesses whose evidence was taken down verbatim and whose memorials became public documents. Business firms and associations throughout Canada for the time being forgot their buying and selling and spent weary days in preparing each its particular plea. A scientific tariff was to be the result. The mountain laboured and produced less than a mouse. This much, however, was accomplished. Considerable protectionist propaganda resulted through newspaper publicity given to the proceedings of the commission. Day after day, week after week, the people of Canada learned what a tender plant is Canadian business and how soon it would wither if a breach in the tariff wall should expose it to the chilling breeze of foreign competition. Now that Sir Henry Drayton has failed to make use of the voluminous information secured, we cannot but wonder whether propaganda was the sole object of the sittings of the Commission; or whether the failure merely indicates intellectual infertility in the government; or whether it may be, and to this explanation charity inclines her head, that a moribund government hesitates to plunge the country into tariff changes, with an inevitable dislocation of business, and the certainty that all would be overturned within two years at most.

IT often happens that reforms come easily and quietly when their time is ripe. This fact is again

demonstrated in a piece of legislation which has been placed on the statute books of the Province of Ontario with little editorial notice, if any. Direct legislation has been the subject of the keenest controversy in the United States and has been incorporated in the constitutions of a number of states after long and vigorous campaigns against equally determined opposition. Apparently public opinion has ripened in Ontario of itself without any organized campaign. The determination of Mr. Drury to allow tax-payers in the municipalities the privilege of managing their own financial affairs has provided the occasion for the introduction of the Initiative and Referendum in its simplest form. At its first session the Government had given municipal councils the right to lighten the taxation on improvements upon a favourable vote of the rate-payers. This measure, known as the Drury Act, was found inadequate owing to the strong representation which real estate interests regularly hold in municipal councils and the consequent difficulty of getting a by-law submitted. At the recent session the Act has been amended so that now a vote is compulsory on the presentation to council of a petition signed by ten per cent. of those persons entitled to vote on money by-laws. If the vote carries the council is compelled to put the measure into force. In order to avoid the dislocation of sudden change the rate of exemption is limited to twenty-five per cent. per annum, and a period of from four to ten years is required to secure total exemption. At any time by a similar method of petition and voting the process can be reversed.

TWO years ago, the peacemakers of Versailles completed their task. How the creators, in their hearts, regarded their collective handiwork there is no means yet of telling. Each in his own way declared his satisfaction; but only one of them, M. Clemenceau, the cynic and the realist, ventured to indulge in prophecy; for him "the next fifty years of history would revolve within the framework of Versailles." To-day M. Clemenceau in enforced retirement may console himself with the thought that nothing can ever erase the declaration, inscribed by a grateful nation upon the walls of every school in France, "Le citoyen Georges Clemenceau a bien mérité de la Patrie." But the framework of Versailles is already splintered and broken beyond repair. The Treaty rests upon force; the entente between Britain and France alone can furnish that force; and the entente is steadily becoming weaker. What makes the Silesian difficulty unique is that it constitutes the first occasion upon which the British Government has openly announced its opposition to French policy. The pretence of unanimity, of identity of interest, has for the first time been definitely and officially abandoned, and that will make the gap harder to close than it has ever been before.

IT is strange that this crisis should have followed so closely upon the settlement of the reparations dispute, and it is strange that Mr. Lloyd George who was so compliant then should be so determined now. The explanation that is being advanced by such papers as the London *Observer*, inspired, it is said, by Mr. Lloyd George's immediate following, would, a few months ago, have been ridiculed by all but a few radical journals. That explanation is that the military party in France, which seemed until a few days ago to control through fear the government of M. Briand, having been deprived by the German surrender of its cherished plan to occupy the Ruhr last month, deliberately stirred up the Polish nationalists so as to provoke German resistance and create a fresh pretext for occupying the Ruhr; for the aim of this party is not resettlement, not even reparations, but the total destruction of the German Reich. True or not, no other explanation has been advanced that fits the facts; and, as for the dispute itself, Mr. Lloyd George was probably right when he said that in this matter he has behind him the public opinion of every civilized country in the world. It looks as if the French chauvinists and their Polish protégés have gone a stage too far. In his recent speech to the Deputies, M. Briand has read them a lesson that they will not forget and may not easily forgive.

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN celebrates its centenary this year. No English newspaper has quite the literary charm of the *Guardian*, and none carries, in spite of its limited circulation, quite so much political weight. The literary quality can be traced to the pleasant foible of the proprietor who insists that practically none but university graduates shall be on its staff. C. P. Scott likes the Oxford "Greats" man. There is a legend that the paper once had on its staff seven fellows of colleges in Oxford, but the story is probably apocryphal. Be that as it may, the best liberal thought of England is expressed in the best literary style in the pages of the *Guardian*. Its political influence is due to its sterling honesty and fearlessness. The *Manchester Guardian* supported Free Trade when Free Trade was far from popular. It supported Lloyd George and the Boers in the Boer War, although its policy caused the circulation, always to be reckoned in tens rather than hundreds of thousands, to sink below ten thousand. In later times it has had the temerity to advocate friendship with Sinn Feiners and with Bolsheviks. Fearlessness and honesty has paid the *Guardian*, as it pays any newspaper in the long run. "What Manchester thinks to-day England thinks to-morrow" is truer than many Canadians would suspect, simply because of the sanity of outlook of the *Guardian*. Some features of the *Guardian* like the Miscellany Column are unique. The column is contributed locally and the best of the stories floating around the

city are recorded in it. If the *Guardian* undertakes to publish photographic illustrations, or a History of the War, or a Weekly Edition, one may be sure that each of the jobs is done just about as well as it could be. Among the well known names of its efficient staff are to be found those of C. E. Montague, S. K. Ratcliffe and Ernest Newman, while practically every writer of note in the Anglo-Saxon world has contributed to its pages.

RECENT controversies have made conspicuous certain defects in the overseas correspondence published in our own press. The coal strike in England is an event of the utmost importance to Canadian as well as to British industry. There has been no peace in the British coal areas for many years. The men are profoundly dissatisfied with a system in which the direction of the whole industry is ordinarily vested in the holders of mining stock. The miners insist that they shall share control of it. Probably there will be no peace at the mines till the Sankey Report is adopted. In any case a permanent solution of the coal controversy in England may indicate the direction of social evolution generally for many years to come. Since this is so, we may well ask our newspapers to give impartial and complete accounts of the dispute. Our own industrial future depends no less on knowledge, than on the good feeling which is the basis of community. But those readers who supposed that the Press would supply them with what they needed have been continuously disappointed. Correspondents in England cabled the strike news to their papers—dwelt on its importance—diluted on the woes of the householder—congratulated themselves in a paragraph or two on knowing so much more about it than their fellow men—and ended their despatches. Readers were obliged to take on trust the statement that the correspondents knew so much; for if they did they kept their knowledge to themselves. We question if the ordinary Canadian workman or employer has any real idea of the issues involved in the coal strike, of the many plans for nationalization, partial or complete, or of the possibilities. But if Canadians do not know the facts of the case, they have at least a right to know them; and they may legitimately ask why the Press cannot provide itself with correspondents, who will divulge as well as gather news.

A GREAT new industry has sprung up in our midst. It is a modest industry, shrinking from the limelight of advertisement, making no boast of its gourd-like growth, never calling upon the public to witness its methods or results. Yet it must be an industry of considerable importance, for it has agencies wherever the wheels of industry go round; it must render valuable service, for it enjoys the patronage of many of the greatest corporations; it may even be a

"key-industry," for some of its employees were in the U. S. exempted from the draft on grounds of national service; and it is certainly profitable, for a single organization—one out of many—paid in one year an income tax of \$258,000. The industry in question is that of the "labour spy," whose workings have been revealed in one of the most unhappily significant investigations of the times, made on behalf of the Professor of Social Ethics at Harvard University and recently published as a series of articles in *The New Republic*. The investigation, which is well-documented, shows that the spy business is a most curious as well as pernicious parasite on the industrial community. It lives to "promote industrial harmony," which it does by creating universal suspicion. It believes strongly in the "make-work" principle. One detective, for example, buys up a labour paper in Columbus to foster the street railway strike he is employed to break, in order no doubt to make the job last out. Another is found working with great catholicity for employer and miner in the same strike. A common principle appears to be the stirring up of bad feeling wherever it can be made to pay. That any intelligent employer should resort to the services of the mean, uneducated, back-biting parasites of this class seems incredible. The whole system is a bastard progeny of folly and a belated individualism. We sincerely hope that the revelations now afforded of its working will bring a realization of the ominous stupidity of the business, and that Canadian employers will be slow in future to follow the bad precedent set in this respect by their fellows across the line.

A RECENT Act of the California Assembly, which is likely to be copied elsewhere, embodies the general condemnation in an eminently practical form. One of its provisions (we quote from *The New Republic*) expressly states that "Any person or corporation who shall employ any other person for the purpose of joining any union of working men to secure knowledge of their activities on trade-union matters, or to foment strife among the members, or to agitate them to commit offences against the public peace, shall be guilty of a misdemeanour," which is punishable by a fine of \$250, or three months imprisonment, or both. Doubtless the clause as it stands is capable of evasion: but it is a promise that this evil will receive attention. In Canada, we believe that legislation against the "labour spy," whether federal or provincial, would in any case be valid. Probably the demand for such legislation will express itself earlier in the provincial field, than in the federal. We shall in any case be wise to deal in good time with an evil which if left unchecked can only poison the relations between workmen and employers.

THE sons of a modern generation, doubtless remembering the occasion when Joshua bade the sun

stand still in the Valley of Aijalon, have decided once more to advance the clock: and daylight saving is again upon us. For the average man the difference is but small, but for the mother and children it is a more serious question, especially when the children are of school age. It is difficult enough under ordinary circumstances to get children to bed and to sleep on the warm summer evenings: but when the evenings are lengthened by an hour and the unhappy little creatures lie awake and listen to the joyous shrieks of their more fortunate brethren, it naturally becomes much more difficult. If we must have daylight saving (and there is much to be said in favour of it), why cannot school time be advanced an hour, to give the school children an opportunity of making up in the morning the sleep which they lose at night? Lessons from 10 o'clock to 1, and from 2.30 to 5 p.m. would surely be an improvement upon the present system. We should be glad to hear from parents what they think of this suggestion.

ONCE more the medicine man is among us, and the modern rain-maker, with a splendid contempt for all legislative decrees that this country shall be dry, is calling down copious streams of moisture from the sky upon the arid plains of Alberta. It is unfortunate that the magician seems unable to effect his miracles unless the sky is cloudy, but doubtless he will soon succeed in perfecting his apparatus and bringing rain from a cloudless sky. Whether by reversing his gear he will be able to make the sun shine upon the just and the unjust, though a difficult question, "is not beyond conjecture." In the meantime we must live in hope that the Deluge of Noah will not be repeated on the plains of Western Canada. We understand that the farmers of Alberta are already a little anxious and are now imploring the rain-maker to give them a brief lull for seeding. It would indeed be a pity if the zealous philanthropist should flood the country through excess of zeal.

THE CANADIAN FORUM is published monthly at 152 St. George Street, Toronto. All communications, Contributions, Subscriptions, Etc., should be mailed to that address.

The Editors are always glad to receive Articles, Literary Sketches, Verses, etc., but regret that they are, at present, unable to pay contributors.

The Business Manager will be pleased to send sample copies of this number to persons whose names and addresses are forwarded by *bona-fide* subscribers. Complaints have been received from subscribers whose copies were lost in the mails. All such should at once notify the Postal Authorities. It is now impossible to supply back numbers earlier than January.

The Genesis of the United Farmers

"It has been the immemorial custom of the Canadian Farmer to put on what is called a poor mouth, and to represent himself in season and out of season as the long-suffering goat of the body politic. . . . At the present moment the farmer is engaged in a political movement designed to free him from the necessity of paying customs taxes. . . . Returns show that in 1918, out of a total of \$62,687,258.02 collected under the Income War Tax Act, the farmers contributed the imposing sum of \$957,980.27. . . . Motor cars have been purchased and other usually reliable manifestations have given the lamentations of the farmer a hollow ring. . . . It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the success of the farmer in evading his share of taxation increases the burden which other classes must bear.'

THE above quotations are selected from the editorial columns of one of our leading Canadian journals. They give expression to views widely held concerning the farmer and his efforts. One wonders if it ever occurs to those who hold such views to ask whether the facts concealed in the statements quoted might not bear an altogether different construction.

The year 1918 was one of the most favourable years that agriculture has ever experienced, yet few farmers earned enough to pay income taxes under the law, in spite of the fact that they toiled on an average twelve hours a day. Although such enlightening figures were not available until last year the tiller of the soil has felt that somehow he and his wife were not receiving just recompense for their labour. He complained, but he worked on and as he worked on he became more restive. Phrases such as "poor mouth" did not tend to soothe his feelings, and when the great delegation to Ottawa in 1917 was met with closed doors, his resentment was fanned to a white heat.

Immediately, what the farmer leaders had already seen began to engage the attention of the rank and file. For the last ten years the rural population had steadily declined, great areas were being turned to pasture, and the sons and daughters of the land were flocking to the city. In the absence of young folk and with the declining population community spirit and social intercourse sank to a low ebb. Along with this there had developed a strange lack of interest in public matters and a tendency for each farmer to confine his attention to the affairs of his own farm. There was scarcely a farmer sitting around the board in any of the Councils of the land above that of the local municipality. These were the actual conditions. The average farmer had not bothered much about them, but when he did waken up, what he learned came to him with somewhat of a shock.

Immediately he began to connect these discoveries with his grievances, in the relationship of cause and effect. It had been his belief that the fiscal policy of the Dominion operated immediately to his disadvantage. In the urban centres he had seen the

market for his products frequently so glutted or manipulated that he could not afford to produce for it, while at the same time foreign products were coming in to satisfy the demand, and he concluded that the men to whom he had left all marketing arrangements had made a miserable failure of their undertaking. Then the educational system was so ordered that none but the well-to-do farm boy could take advantage of the higher instruction with any hope of returning to the farm, since by the time he had completed his course he had exhausted his capital and must turn to some occupation requiring little money at the start. Even the primary school had been very little changed for the last forty years and what change there had taken place seemed to many to be for the worse rather than for the better. Suddenly, almost, the farmer saw these as the result of his failure to take an active interest in public affairs.

Then, for the remedy. How were manufacturers able to maintain the tariff in the face of such stout opposition as was offered in 1911? How were professional men able to lay down a standard fee for services rendered? How could financial institutions operate so nicely under a uniform policy? Obviously it was through organization, purely class organizations at that. Then the farmer must have a class organization too. Only those who know rural conditions and who understand something of the farmer's habit of thought have any idea what a stupendous undertaking it was to form an independent association of farmers, but the farmer believed that it had to be done, and now it is an accomplished fact.

In the fifteen hundred branches scattered all over the Province of Ontario the United Farmers meet fortnightly to conduct business and to discuss public matters. Questions of the day are keenly debated, often with the assistance of material supplied from Head Office. When one considers how large a place legislation plays in the regulation of business, in shaping the fiscal policy, in the method of raising revenue, and in ordering the educational system, he needs no extended explanation as to why the organized farmers became interested in politics. Their discussions were neither learned nor profound, but they bore directly on questions of legislation and administration.

In developing their organization the farmers copied a feature from the association of manufacturers—a feature which had led to much confusion of thought, both within and without their ranks. The manufacturers frankly admit that their organization exists primarily for making the will of manufacturers effective in legislation and administration. From a perusal of the Constitution and By-laws of the United Farmers it seems evident that at first the farmers scarcely thought of politics, and certainly not beyond making their wants known through established channels; but as their association grew in

experience they were forced to deviate somewhat from their projected path. They found that mere petitions were not very effective. They recalled that when the Laurier régime was ushered in on a low tariff policy in '96 the promised reform never developed. They remembered that the Liberal naval policy of 1911 was rejected at the polls only to be endorsed in substance shortly afterwards by the victorious party. They saw that the reins of government were given into the hands of urban representatives who naturally legislated in their own immediate interests. They lost faith in the old political parties and they took independent action.

Now electors are accustomed to think in terms of the old political organizations and consequently it is not surprising that from all sides the United Farmers are regarded purely as a political party. Because of this they are likely to suffer somewhat, for no field is more perilous to tread than the field of public service. But in the turmoil of political onslaughts let no one overlook the twenty million dollars worth of business done in the clubs last year, the many new assembly halls erected in newly acquired athletic fields, the hundreds of successful picnics held and many kindred activities. Here is the main business of the U.F.O.

If one keeps these activities in mind and the philosophy of the state which they presuppose he is not likely to be misled by a pamphlet such as that recently published by the Canadian Reconstruction Association entitled, "The Non-Partisan League of North Dakota, a Study of Class War and Its Disastrous Consequences." It is likely to catch the unwary and the man who is prejudiced in favour of its implied contentions, but the thinking man will ask what can be the reason for such a publication emanating from such a source. Scarcely any one in Ontario is interested in the Non-Partisan League. In the West the Non-Partisan League has been killed effectively, and the United Farmers were foremost at the killing. Therefore, the farmers do not need to be warned against a threatened danger, nor do manufacturers need to be set on their guard against farmers. It is a deliberate and subtle play upon public psychology. The suggestion is: The agrarian class movement has been tried out in North Dakota and has been disastrous. See, you farmers of Canada, where you are heading. Beware! You have neither the experience nor the brains.

To see the utter folly of the comparison and the inference, one has only to contemplate the two-year record of the farmer-labour Government of Ontario. Farmers of Canada are not socialists, nor do they seek to attain their ends primarily through state machinery, nor is politics their first and chief interest.

They have fastened on another method, namely, co-operation, and this is full of menace to many business interests who, to-day, are operating in more or less of a preserve. Happily they have not their

eyes fixed for guidance upon an experiment that has ended with "disastrous consequences." Co-operation in Great Britain, an old country, and in New Zealand, a new country, has met with astounding success. Co-operation has met with serious reverses in America, but still it survives and with experience grows in strength. Its genius is such that "it will not down." It is full of menace to certain features in the present order of society, where the under dog is so mercilessly exploited, because it involves an active campaign of education and the bringing to light of information which is now suppressed. It is full of hope for the future, because it depends for its success upon enlightened action, each individual bringing to the assistance of his fellows whatever means or talent he may possess. This is vastly different from what we have been accustomed to, namely, a magnified game of cock-on-the-rock, where the strong man thrusts the weak man off, with such a resultant dust of fiscal laws and administrative confusion that he has little difficulty in retaining his vantage ground. Nor is it a socialistic machine which would hedge men in with regulations, making it impossible for them to go astray. Rather for the whip of authority it substitutes the hand of fellowship.

Such is the vision which the farmers have caught; such are the methods by which they would follow it. In its pursuit they stumble over countless obstacles both natural and artificial, and in the turmoil the vision grows dim, but let no man mistake confusion for hesitation. The vision abides and periodically becomes clearer. Privilege calls their progress class war. Well—let us have more of such wars.

M. H. STAPLES.

Social Reform and the Methodist Church

THE Toronto Methodist ministers adopted at a recent meeting a declaration of their attitude toward industrial organization. The history of this declaration leaves no doubt of its significance if only as a straw indicating a drift of thoughtful opinion.

In October, 1918, the Methodist General Conference, after the most thorough deliberation in two large committees, adopted almost unanimously certain declarations concerning the industrial order. The resolutions were challenged on the floor in the most vigorous manner, and the notable fact was that the longer discussion proceeded the greater was the unanimity. There is no reason to believe that the presence of other people or the extension of debate for another day would have altered the proportions of the verdict. But among those who were not present and who had not shared in the deliberation nor realized the care given to the preparation of the manifesto

there was surprise. For the moment little hostile action was taken, for many hoped that, like some other statements, this would be a dead letter. The committee to whom the matter was assigned, however, took its work seriously and arranged for quiet educational work on the lines laid down. Thereupon angry resentment was expressed from persons influential in finance and manufacture. Indeed there was more resentment than study. The most perverse misrepresentations were indulged in, and the most strenuous efforts made to compel the church and its officials to desist from the programme.

But calmer thought and more fair-minded consideration followed; and among the ministers who had been most severe in criticism there arose a recognition that there must be something more than negation. Towards the end of 1920 the Toronto ministers, therefore, gave several weeks to the matter and then appointed a committee comprising three of the chief opponents of the Hamilton Declaration, two members of the original committee, and two other members. It looked hopeless—such a committee could never say anything except the most empty platitudes. But the committee met and met again, for whole mornings and for several weeks. As soon as sparring for position was over the situation was reviewed in detail, and the result was a declaration which in no important detail varies from the Hamilton Declaration. This was printed and given to every minister two weeks before its adoption was proposed. Then, after careful review, it was adopted unanimously by that large body of most conservative opinion. Not only was the adoption formally unanimous, but the actual temper of the ministers was clearly changed from that somewhat scornful disposition which had sometimes been exhibited to the whole effort to christianize industry.

The declaration thus adopted opens with a recognition that both Christianity and Democracy have reached such a stage of development as to demand some adjustments in social organization to allow of the realization of their aims. Inconsiderate demands for violent change and resistance to just and necessary adjustment are alike deprecated. Nor is it possible for the wisest to foresee the precise form which a more developed order will assume. Certain factors, however, cannot be excluded.

"Human welfare must become the supreme and universal objective of commerce and industry." Therefore "just and proper livelihood for all engaged should be secured." Here is something fundamental. "Just and proper livelihood" is no longer to be a matter subject to the chance of supply and demand, but it is to be "secured." And it is to be secured in the effort to make both commerce and industry a ministry to "human welfare." This definitely asserts what the Hamilton Declaration recognized as demanded by most of the movements confronting the

church—the dominance of the spirit of co-operation to serve the community, rather than the competitive effort to acquire private gain.

The application of the Christian idea of brotherhood still more clearly demands the rule of the co-operative spirit as a substitute for "destructive competition." But it also is said to demand the conservation of natural resources so as to "serve most effectively the common good."

The democratic principle to which all political bodies render lip service was asserted as the inevitable principle in industrial organization. "There should be the frankest recognition of the workers' right to organize and to act through their chosen representatives and the right of such representation in the government of the industry as may be in harmony with the just interests of all concerned." This right to collective organization and representation is demanded in the interest of the workers' self respect, the loss of which has "disastrously impaired" modern industry.

The committee set forth three desiderata for the church in this situation:

(1) Knowledge, developed through group discussion, and the church is asked to promote such groups. In adopting this suggestion the committee seems to recognize that the church may minister more effectively through the discussion group than through the minister speaking from the isolation of the pulpit. Much of the misunderstanding which previously arose was due to the failure to see that the pulpit is not the one or only means by which the church, as a body of Christian people, may function. The pulpit is not the private property of the pastor but is held by him in trust for the whole church whose mouth-piece he is to that particular congregation.

(2) The second element demanded is complete freedom for the expression "of all views consistent with Christian principles." This freedom is especially the care of a religion which has so largely been a story of men who "broke new trails."

(3) The third element is the right temper—the "spirit of devotion to the common good."

In producing these essential elements the task of "all that love our church" is to devote sympathetic and comprehensive study to world movements, and the significance of religion for the aspirations of men for higher standards of life and improved industrial status. The Bible is to be studied afresh to discover the process of the past, for the social foundations of the church and of Christianity must be known if the present-day church can give adequate guidance. But the church must also courageously set to work to aid in the development of that new order where character will count higher than chattels, and human beings are of supremely greater value than machinery.

Now the reading of this document serves to make clear that the ministers do not regard the work of the

church as merely the preaching from the pulpit. The ministers call on the rank and file of church members to co-operate in creating the new world of thought and action. It is clear that those were mistaken who prematurely demanded that the pulpit be silent unless it spoke in accord with the *status quo*. To call the church to action is not the same thing as to demand that the pulpit be the organ of propaganda for a specific programme. Most of those who have been intimately associated with the Methodist Declarations are pronounced in opposition to identifying the mission of the church with some passing phases of economic doctrine. It is futile to emancipate the gospel from subservience to capitalism if we make it subservient to some other equally temporary phases of development. The organization of labour churches in the West corresponded to the demand in Toronto for pulpits silent except on behalf of capitalism.

But this in no way indicates that the church is to be silent. The Declaration of the General Conference does not impose on every member and minister the obligation to adopt forthwith the view of life there set forth. But it does involve that no minister shall be subject to ecclesiastical displeasure for seeking to convey to his people the great testimony of the living church concerning Christian life in relation to industry.

But there are other forms of pressure. The world of finance has not been entirely passive in presence of the awakening of the social conscience of the churches. The utterances of the Canadian Methodist Church are but slightly different from those of the War Committee of the Catholic Bishops of the United States, or the Fifth Committee of the Anglican Archbishops. They may be said to lag behind the declarations of the great Quaker Employers of England who, without the aid of organized labour, demanded of themselves adjustments which go beyond the immediate demands of the Methodists. In the United States the churches have formed two bodies, the Federal Council and the Inter-Church Movement. When the latter proceeded to investigate the Steel Strike and the press campaign by which public opinion was turned against the steel workers, deep resentment was manifested. The whole story has not yet been told, but the recent circular of the Steel Kings of Pittsburg admits their activity in the steps which cut off financial supplies from the Inter-Church Movement.

The next step was to destroy other Christian bodies if they sought to Christianize industry. Most of the great church bodies have adopted what is known as the "social creed of the churches" and among these bodies must be reckoned Young Women's Christian Association. Thereon the employers of Pittsburg again sent out a circular inviting a boycott of the Y.W.C.A. until it should drop the industrial programme, "which lends encouragement to what

every man conversant with industrial problems knows to be destructive to the very basis of America's progress and civilization." Among these fundamental evils which threaten the basis of civilization are "collective bargaining," "a share in shop control and management by the workers," "protection of workers from enforced unemployment," "government labour exchanges," and "experiments in co-operative ownership." If these are a menace to the basis of our civilization then our civilization is indeed in danger. For all these elements are part of the British governmental system and most of them are approved by all serious students of the industrial problem.

This attack on the Y.W.C.A. had a sequel when the directors of that body invited the directors of the opposing body to stand on their carpet. The capable women were proved by no means inadequate to the task and the attack sought a new objective. The Federal Council was selected and a bold attack was planned. But a few days before this came off the Federal Council issued a statement showing that fabricated documents were being used, to which the signature of their secretary was being attached, and that on the basis of these fabrications the effort to assail the Federal Council before public opinion rested. The great offensive fizzled out the next week.

This narrative has great significance for all lovers of order. Employing interests are by no means united in the tactics described. In Canada the repressive efforts were never the expression of a fully organized body. They were violent enough but represented individual or group action. Certain efforts to organize pressure upon the churches in connection with the Forward Movement met successful resistance from within the employing and financial class. The day has not come yet when we may expect certain churches to welcome as their pastors men of recognized ability to interpret the great spiritual significance of the working-class aspirations. But there is no reason to believe that by any chance the hands of the clock may be turned back, or that the overwhelming preponderance of thoughtful opinion will turn away from the effort to interpret Christianity in terms of the industrial and commercial order. And this in turn demands that those "terms" be such as will express a Christian conception of these aspects of life.

This is not the time for drastic changes. But it is certainly not the time for refusal to adjust our industrial system so that it shall meet the needs of the people. Christianity cannot identify its programme with that of any class. But, on the other hand, it cannot be silent whenever the demands of a Christian community happen to coincide with the demands of organized labour. Irritating and inflammatory language is culpable at such a time, but most dangerous of all is the demand that we revert to standards which even in pre-war days intelligent people were outgrowing.

ERNEST THOMAS.

The Gentle Art of Map-Making*

MAN is continually changing the world on which he lives. He builds cities upon it and railway lines; he bridges its rivers and chasms, and digs into it for useful and precious metals. Ambitious nationalities and races quarrel for their respective shares of its surface, and there are frequent changes in political boundaries. Maps are at the same time a vivid record of these changes, and a means of relating them to one another. They bring into perspective the geographical background of history. Thus, while the contents of the physical and historical maps of the world remain fairly constant, the political and economic maps are ever changing. All maps are necessarily somewhat behind the times; it is, nevertheless, the business of the map-maker to keep his wares as up-to-date as possible. A frequent revision of details is all that is generally needed, but at the end of the Great War the atlases of the world suddenly became hopelessly out-of-date. Many new atlases were prepared, among them the one under review.

In the *New-World Atlas* the excellent device has been adopted of printing the maps on loose leaves with the index of places named on the back. As a map becomes out-of-date it need not be discarded, but the new map can be added, thus making the older nearby map historical. It is during the next two years that political boundaries will change most rapidly, and it is for that space of time that the publishers guarantee to supply new maps free.

A serious attempt has been made by the publishers to make their Atlas comprehensive. There are over one hundred maps printed on sheets measuring 14" x 20". Of these, 56 maps show physical and economic features, while 46 are historical. Among the latter are maps showing the great empires of ancient times, historical cities, ancient trade routes, voyages of discovery and the political divisions of Europe at different dates.

The Atlas is essentially a work of reference and it is as a work of reference that it must be judged. For this purpose it must be clear, accurate and handy. That it is handy there can be no doubt. The indexes at the back of each map ensures this. But its claims to clearness and accuracy are more dubious. For some reason or other maps printed by the wax process (the one used in this case) never seem to stand out so sharply as those which are lithographed. Our *Atlas of Canada, 1915*, for example, when compared with this *New-World Atlas* puts it quite in the shade. The colour printing in the *Atlas of Canada* is most accurately done; there is never the slightest overlapping of the bounding lines. In the *New-World Atlas* the misplacement of the colours is often as much as 1" giving the maps a curiously blurred appearance.

*The *New-World Loose-Leaf Atlas*. Hertel-Harshman Co., Toronto. Price, \$50

But a final test in a reference atlas is that of accuracy. If it passes this test the other defects may be regarded as minor. In order to test the accuracy of the Atlas under review one asked the following crucial question. "How does it report (a) the Antarctic Ocean, (b) the Canadian National Railways, (c) the Northwest Territories, (d) German East Africa, (e) Kitchener, and (f) the place names of Derbyshire (the reviewer's native county)?" On one map the Antarctic Ocean is shown; on another it is designated "The Antarctic Ocean or South Polar Sea." Neither of these descriptions is accurate, for the Antarctic Ocean is non-existent, the Antarctic Continent taking its place. The Grand Trunk Pacific and the National Transcontinental Railways are now the Canadian National Railways. In the Atlas they are marked by their old names. In one map the Northwest Territories are correctly divided into the Districts of Mackenzie, Keewatin and Franklin, but in all others the older name is retained. German East Africa is now officially Tanganyika. In this case one finds the word German eliminated and East Africa allowed, incorrectly, to remain. Kitchener, in Ontario, retains its ancient name of Berlin. In Derbyshire the village of Dove Holes, north of Buxton, is labelled Dovedale—a name which should be reserved for a beautiful valley to the south of Buxton. Curiously enough neither Dovedale nor Dove Holes is printed in the index, though this was the only name omitted out of fifty names tested at random in this way. Other errors or defects one notes in passing are Sea Fell Pikes for Scafell Pike, Elsinore printed in the Anglicized form on one map and in the Danish form, Helsingor, on another. Further, how many readers would recognize Jerusalem in El Kuds, the River Jordan in Nahr Esh Sheriah, and Damascus in Dimeshk Esh Shem? Official Anglicized names have now been given to the main places of the earth. These should be used in all new Canadian atlases if only for the sake of uniformity. The above may seem picayune criticisms, but after all, a new atlas should be up-to-date. One recognizes that the expense of keeping maps up-to-date is very great. For example, a change of name from Northwest Territories to Mackenzie, Keewatin and Franklin makes all older maps of Canada obsolete. But of a \$50 atlas great things are expected.

The American origin and bias of the Atlas is shown in the legend of the "Historical Map of the Western Front." There one reads: "*The Great Decisive Struggle*.—In the spring of 1918 American troops became a factor in the war. On March 20, 1918, the great German drive began, piercing the British and French lines and surging forward to the red line as indicated on the map. This offensive was finally stopped by the American Marines and other American troops at Chateau Thierry. Then began the final phase of the War."

The plans of the *New-World Atlas* were well conceived. It is a thousand pities the work has been so badly executed. The publishers must have sunk much money in producing what can only be honestly described as a second-rate atlas. It is to be hoped that in a new edition the various defects will be remedied.

PETER SANDIFORD.

The Woman Expert

THERE was once a grocer who was employed to distribute relief because he had failed in the grocery business. Since then the expert social worker has emerged. No longer would such a recommendation as the following be possible:

"You ask me," wrote a clergyman, "what qualifications Miss —— has for the position of agent in the Charity Organization Society. She is a most estimable lady and the sole support of a widowed mother. It would be a real charity to give her a place."

This was written before social work was organized and had received the status of a profession. Now it is realized that the deserving person is the efficient person—not the one who needs the position, but the one whom the position needs.

In other professions there is the same demand for the efficient worker. The untrained worker always has been, and always will be, except in times of phenomenal business activity like war time, a drug on the market. On the other hand, even during an industrial depression like the present, one finds, along with untrained workers and beginners of all kinds who are unable to get positions, a scarcity of highly-trained people for advanced positions. The situation in the United States has been described by Miss Rachel Pflamm of the Bureau of Occupations for trained women in Philadelphia.*

"The great demand throughout the United States," says Miss Pflamm, "is for experts of all kinds—real experts. The woman able to speak and act with authority on any subject under the sun commands a position almost anywhere she may care to live. It is no exaggeration to say that employers are clamouring for her. New York is getting daily calls from San Francisco for women to take charge of departments in department stores, to write and to sell advertising, and for a long list of other positions. In the bureau we are in direct touch only with the demand for women capable of earning salaries of four thousand dollars to five thousand dollars and less, and that is far greater than the supply. But in the fields paying still higher salaries the disproportion between supply and demand is still greater. We get the calls from the employers, but rarely the applications of the

*Quoted in "The Green Book," May, 1921

women. For by the time a woman's ability carries her above the five thousand dollar mark she doesn't need the help of any organization; offers come to her unsolicited in every day's mail."

In Canada this is being recognized and women are being trained. The remarkable growth in the number of women who are taking professional training is neither more nor less than a sign of the times. It is proof that women, like men, have answered the call of modern business and professional life, which, with the closer organization of society, demands a better quality of trained workers. Our business is rapidly broadening and becoming international as well as national, the scope of professional and business life is widening and the capacity of the worker must keep pace with this enlarged sphere. The days of the amateur are gone. The days of the woman worker who is a dabbler are ended. Women are everywhere holding positions in competition with men but they can neither claim them fairly nor hold them unless they have equal qualifications and of these the most important is training. Women are, therefore, taking training. Three lines in which the increase of women students has been very great are social service, medicine and law.

There are at present two schools for social work in Canada, one at the University of Toronto and one at McGill University. They are both two year courses. The course in Toronto was organized in 1914 and had a graduating class of ten at the end of its first year. This year there are three hundred and sixty-six students registered, of whom sixty are full-time students. The social service course at McGill was organized in 1918, and nine students received certificates at the end of the first year. During 1920-21 twelve students took the full course and one hundred and four registered as partial students. The University of British Columbia is at present considering the organization of a course. The Winnipeg training is given by the Social Welfare Commission. New workers are put on a probation period of one year, during which time they receive a salary on which they can live, a minimum of \$75 per month for the first six months and \$80 for the second six months.

The number of women in medicine and law also shows a remarkable increase. Previous to 1916 the women who had graduated from the law school in Ontario and practised law were few in number. In 1916 one woman was admitted to the bar in Ontario and in 1920 the number had increased to six. In the graduating class of 1921 at Osgoode Hall there are ten women and the total number of women undergraduates is sixteen. In medicine the number of women undergraduates has more than doubled in the last four years, rising from thirty-nine in 1917 to eighty-seven in 1921.

Other fields for which women are taking training in increasing numbers are employment work in

department stores and factories, nursing and secretarial work. There is as yet no training for employment work in Canada, but opportunities for trained workers are gradually increasing and there is a growing demand that such a course be established.

The fact that women are more and more taking training with a view to becoming expert in special lines of work is evidence of a desire to satisfy that "instinct of workmanship" of which Veblen writes, with some definite and effective work.

Any one who upholds training for women, whether they are industrial or professional workers, is at once met with the objection: "But women are not permanent; they marry and give up their positions." This is indisputable, but, on the other hand, there is an increasing tendency among women who are ambitious and fond of the career which they have chosen, to try to find some solution to this particular problem. Several graduates of Canadian universities are at present practising law or medicine in partnership with their husbands. Their experience, however, leaves unsolved the difficulties of those for whom an interruption of their career would mean a fatal loss of business connection or technical skill. Whatever one's views as to the compatibility of a career and marriage, one is apt to receive rather a shock at the zeal of the munition worker who, during the war, asked at an employment bureau for night work because "she was going to be married the next week and didn't want to take a day off."

ELSINORE MACPHERSON.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents.

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN FORUM

SIR:

In your April issue you comment on Mr. W. L. Grant's letter to the effect that if "the British Empire League of Canada" is a trade-name of advertising purposes "the Empire has already become a travesty" and could with advantage be exchanged for the "Empire" music-hall. I confess to no interest in the last institution, to very little in the first, but to a great deal in the British Empire, and I should be obliged if you would elucidate your comment. Does it mean anything at all, or is it merely the easy editorial game of being superior to one's correspondents? I fail to understand how the "British Empire League of Canada" can have any bearing on the rather important matter of whether the Empire is a travesty

or not, and should be glad of a short explanation of cause and effect. Your reply to Mr. Grant struck me as cheap, facile and inconsequential; it was certainly not argument.

Yours, etc.,

E. M. WRONG.

7 Northmoor Road,
Oxford.

May 8, 1921.

[Mr. Grant's sole apology in these columns for the British Empire League of Canada was that its title was a trade name. Our contention is that the aims and objects of the League are utterly repugnant to a large body of Canadians devoted to the ideals which they have always considered inherent in the Empire. If the title of the League is a trade name, they have the humiliation of seeing the Empire become a travesty, that is to say, a serious thing made ridiculous, owing to its name being used for advertising purposes by a League which makes a burlesque of those ideals. If our application of the word "travesty" offends, we apologize as writers of English, but not as critics of political movements. Ed.]

We withhold a letter from "Loyal Canadienne," who neglected to send with her letter a statement of her identity. Anonymous letters can only be published, when the name and address of the writer have been communicated privately to this office.

Town Planning

UNHAPPY words! maladroit conjunction! Attempt to express that which has no entity! For how are the multiple implications of those two words together to be considered as an It? And yet they are thought of as an It, a fearsome thing, compact of secret knowledge, social tyranny and Utopian results. It has Its apostles and Its propaganda—almost Its priesthood. In France It is more than a pronoun. It is an Ism. *Urbanisme* chant Its votaries. In Germany they say *Städtebau*—City Building. Let us here be content with "It," or, more simply, the *Prescription - of - conformation - together - with - control - of - development - of - urban - agglomerations*.

For that is all it amounts to. We are in the position in our cities of a man who started house-keeping in a shack, added a kitchen, then a parlour, then a porch, then a dining room, then a bedroom, then another, thought it would be as well to have a staircase and now finds he would like a drawing room and a corridor and wishes he had planned the whole thing before he began. Emitting groans, which ought to warn his neighbours, he calls in a house-planner. This gentleman advises him that his case is hopeless,

but that something might be done by gutting out the original shack, wherein the owner's tenderest memories are cushioned.

Town Patching or City Surgery would be better names than Town Planning. When a place has shrunken lungs, congested arteries, a lopsided stomach, colitis and half a kidney, that place is sick. Add sprawling ill-controlled limbs, offensive breath and a raucous voice and you get a fair picture of the "Modern" City. Mention also an ugly face, in this case certainly the mirror of the soul.

The City Surgeon and Town Patcher can do something to help. They have studied—or are supposed to have studied—the anatomy of towns. They know where the City gardens and boulevards should be, where the parks and pleasant corners ought to be found. They know how the through roads should feed the small roads, each and all designed for the traffic they are to carry. To know what that traffic is they must know where the various parts and organs of the city are located, where the civic centre, where the offices, where the factories and warehouses, where the houses, where the homes. They delight equally in the solid symmetry of the City Gate (often called the Central Station) and the fair ordered fitness of sewage disposal and surface drainage, which graces a town as does frequent ablution the freshest face. They will show why there are so many street accidents at such and such a point and by means of little dots on a map make it clear that so many poor citizens' have thirty-five minutes to walk before they can arrive at a tolerable playground. (Is there any human right more deeply rooted in the nature of things than the right of children to play?) All these things, and many more, they will show, saying: Here we must cut and carve and here build and patch. But what of the patient? Will he submit? The process is costly and painful. Only the wisest and most courageous cities will consent to undergo it.

And yet every citizen is a potential planner. If he goes by street car he will have ideas as to how they *ought* to run; if he owns an auto he will explain that a 70 ft. street, instead of the customary 66, would just allow his flivver to pass between the street car and the butcher's cart standing by the sidewalk. If he owns a house he will be a strong upholder of "zoning," firmly convinced that no factory ought to be erected near it. The factory owner will be equally strong; why should he pay for road making and sewage service suitable to a residential district? The City sewage engineer will wonder whatever his predecessor can have been thinking about and the City architect will grow gray listening to explanations of what the building by-laws really ought to be like.

So it goes on. All the city servants doing their human best, but in the darkness, without a plan; the citizen squandering weeks of man-hours in the year in fretful inconvenience and losing "pep," mentally

and physically. It all seems to them to be just in the cussed nature of things, much as the bodily ills we now cure seemed to be, one supposes, a century or so ago. But it is not so. For now we can cure the city, more certainly than the body, of its ills.

The City is, after all, just a big living Thing, with organs, and appetites, a circulation and a sort of civic brain. Amorphous and hardly conscious as yet, for the most part, even our modern agglomerations have a sort of life. Save that they cannot move very readily, their parts may be paralleled, for our illumination, in man. But each of the particles in this multicellular organism does not realize that the comfort of other kinds of cells has its bearing on the well-being of the whole and so on its own.

Given the Will-to-Betterment in the few, however, much can be done over the inertia of the many. But that inertia must be informed. Unconscious inertia is a negative force; the inertia which knows itself, however, is, if incapable of movement, at any rate ready to be moved. In the City as elsewhere one must begin by education.

What sorts of answers would one get, from the majority of citizens, to the following questions? Supposing your city were not there, what would the ground on which it is built look like? How do the main drains of the city run? You pay in the end, more or less, for the section of street and sidewalk, power, light, drainage, cleaning and repairs opposite your lot, but who pays in the beginning and how; are you paying more than you need for what you want or less than you should for what you get? What is the annual payment anyway as compared with the rental value of your house and lot—or your office or warehouse—and how does this compare with what they pay, per yard say, in other cities? Name the rulers of your city. How many do you know by sight? (Very few.) Do you honour them? (Not particularly.) Do you pay them? (Not much!) Then why, think you, do they serve? Down which streets in your city do you ever stroll with conscious pleasure in your surroundings? What sorts of answers would one get?

Begin, as ever, with education. Begin with the child. Teach him geography from the Ward outwards—instead of from the Solar System inwards; history from to-day and the city backwards—rather than from the Creation outwards. Then let him loose on his parents and you will have "Town Planning" pretty soon. *Vide Chicago.*

So we come round again. When you get "It" what does "It" (or the Prescription-of-conformation-together - with - the - control - of - development - of - urban - agglomerations as aforesaid) amount to anyway?

Well, when a city has decided to sort itself out and generally take things in hand, the first step is for

it to have a good look at itself as it has never looked before. If it has not already got them it makes accurate large scale maps and plans and helps these out with airplane photographs. Then on these general maps and plans it marks various things. Such as heights and levels and sewers and drains. Buildings of all kinds. What are they built of. What they are used for, what their real value is, what they pay in taxes, how high they are, how many people work or live and sleep in each of them, where they stand as to fire risks and whether or no they ought to be carefully preserved because they are old and historically interesting and because they are beautiful. Then there will be a map for parks and playgrounds and open spaces and schools, and maps for post offices and letter boxes, public libraries, fire stations, dispensaries, police stations. There will be time and frequency charts of street car and railroad systems, traffic diagrams for the streets at different times of day. Some enthusiast will mark down all the public trees—blessed possessions. In short, the City will look and see just where and how it stands, from every possible angle. That is the first step. It is called the City Survey.

The next step is to come to a series of broad decisions as to the general conformation of the city. It will in most cases be already apparent that certain activities are tending to cluster, although in a confused haphazard manner. Offices will be getting together for general convenience and shops and factories and various classes of houses. The City will control and assist this tendency. It will say: Here is the business quarter and no one save caretakers and perhaps some dwellers in hotels shall live in it. All its streets shall be completely and smoothly paved. There shall be many covered passages between the streets. Unseemly backyards shall be converted into the inner courts of great business houses, because here we will allow the maximum proportion of building on a given area. For it is in this quarter that *concentration* is needed above all things; few grown-ups sleep here and no children live here at all.

Turning to another part, towards the outskirts of the city, where there is a park, perhaps, or readily convertible ravines, it will say: Here is the place for *diffusion*, to as great a degree as is compatible with general convenience and a reasonable expenditure on "improvement." This is where the schools ought to be. There must be a local centre with a post office and a library and perhaps a theatre; certainly an assembly hall of some sort. The necessary shops are round this centre and from it there must be rapid transport to the centre of the city. We will spend as much here on trees, lawns, fountains and sandpits for the youngsters as on sidewalks and roadways—for the traffic won't be heavy.

But in the factory and warehouse quarter the traffic will be ponderous. Concrete roads and stone

here. Railway and canal facilities in profusion. Great power ducts—which need not be long because the quarter is concentrated.

The University quarter, the various kinds of residential area, the apartment and boarding-house region, the hotels and amusements portion, the civic centre, all will be similarly dealt with until the planner can prescribe the sorts of plan, the width and kind of street, the amount of garden, park or playground, which will be required.

This process of deliberate segregation is called "zoning," a word, which like so many similar attempts in our language, is an awkward and unpleasing misnomer. But by this name the process now goes and the process itself has been so well tried out and found so full of manifest and ulterior advantages that it is the established and recognized and necessary basis, after the Survey, of the City Surgeon's art.

Imagine attempting to plan anything, from a street-car system to where you will build your home, without it. The resultant plan is the plan of the City. All the rest, roads and rents, population and parks, trees and traffic can be scientifically adjusted.

The planner sets to work because he is a knowledgeable man, who has travelled and seen and studied many cities. From the Survey he knows what is; from the general or "zone" plan he knows what is to be and, as it is his business, he knows how each kind of district should be at its best. He plans accordingly.

Then the City works towards that plan, gradually, a little bit one year, quite a big piece the next perhaps. Every proposal is scrutinized in the light of that plan. Every building permit is given in accordance with that plan. Nothing at any rate is allowed which goes against the plan, even if economic and legislative means do not permit of much being done for it. Presently legislative means will be sought and obtained. The plan is public. Every citizen, whether he build a modest house or found a series of groceries, can consult it and know where he is at and, what is also important, where he is likely to be in a score of years. He becomes an upholder of the plan. And so, eventually, it is realized, within the limits of growth of the city. Given a good plan there are almost no limits; but it is often better, frankly and courageously, to begin a new city than to stretch them.

This, then, is what the dread and mystic business of Town Planning amounts to. What at present, in many cases, just happens blindly wastefully and hideously, is done consciously and perhaps even beautifully. That is all.

ADRIAN BERRINGTON.

Anticipations

I

A flash of indigo in the air,
A streak of orange edged with black;
A blue-bird skimmed the spruces there,
A redstart followed in his track.

The light grows in the eastern skies,
The deeper shadows are withdrawn,
From marsh and swamp the vapours rise
In the cool cloisters of the dawn.

What loom, a-weaving on the land,
Such colour and fragrance fuses,
Magenta and white on moss and sand,
Azaleas, arethusas?

And higher up along the steeps,
The pink of mountain-laurel;
While lower down the yellow creeps
From celandine and sorrel.

Sea-foam or snow-drift—flecked with spurt
Of flame—upon the grasses spread?
The snow is foam of mitre-wort,
The flame—the ragged robin's red.

II

Where sips the lily of the morning dew
When light winds waken,
And gems that the violets hold
Gently are shaken
To crystalline purple and blue;
And emerald, crimson and gold
From the heart of the rose unfold,
And burst into view:

There at the dawn's first blush
The notes of a brown thrasher fall,
And the importunate voice of the thrush
Blends with a tanager's call;
There under a dragon-fly's wings
A stream carols by with sweet noise,
And slowly a daffodil swings
To a humming-bird's marvellous poise.

III

In Absentia

Erect and motionless he stood—
His face a hieroglyph of stone,
Stopped was his pulse, chilled was his blood,
And stiff each sinew, nerve and bone.

IV

The spell an instant held him, when
His veins were swept by tidal power,
And then life's threescore years and ten
Were measured by a single hour.

The world lay there beneath his eye,
The sun had left the heavens to float
A hand-breadth from him, and the sky
Was but an anchor for his boat.

Fled was the class-room's puny space,
His eye saw but a whirling disk,
That old professor's by-gone face
Looked like a shrivelled asterisk.

What chance had he now to remember
The year held months so saturnine
As ill-starred May and blank September,
With that brute tugging at his line?

The Flood-Tide

He paused a moment by the sea,
Then stooped, and with a leisured hand
He wrote in casual tracery
Her name upon the flux of sand.

The waves beat up and swiftly spun
A silver web at every stride;
He watched their long thin fingers run
The letters back into the tide.

But she had written where the tide
Could never its gray waters fling,
She watched the longest wave subside
Ere it could touch the lettering.

The Pine Tree

I saw how he would come each night and wait
An hour or more beside that broken gate,
Just stand, and stare across the road with dim
Gray eyes. Nothing was there but an old pine tree,
Cut down and sawn in lengths; and absently
He answered questions that I put to him.

He spoke as if some horrid deed were done,
Murder—no less—it seemed to be;
A week before, under his very eyes,
A gang of men had slain a tree.
The pine was planted seventy years ago
To celebrate his birth,
It had a right, he said, to live and grow,
And then into the earth,
By a mild and understanding law,
To pass with nature's quiet burial.
But they had come, those men, with axe and saw,
And killed it like a criminal,
And with the hangman's rope about its neck,
It swayed a moment, then with heavy sound,
Dropped like a felon to the ground.

E. J. PRATT.

Notes on Folk Music

RUSKIN, in speaking of Education and the relation of Music to Education says: "The finest models, that is to say, the truest, simplest, usefulest—note those epithets—they will range through all the Arts. Try them in Music, where you might think them the least applicable. I say the truest, that in which the notes most closely and faithfully express the meaning of the words, or the character of intended emotion: again the simplest, that in which the meaning and melody are attained with the fewest and most significant notes possible; and, finally, the usefulest, that music which makes the best words most beautiful, which enchant them in our memories, each with its own glory of sound, and which applies them closest to the heart at the moment we need them."

* * *

Since the Reverend Walter Broadwood, Rector of Lyme, in the County of Sussex, England, took down in the 'forties, from the local singers a few of their traditional songs, a great number have been collected all over England, and a great deal has been said about them, from the highest and most scholarly musicians to the humblest, non-academic collector—such as the street man crying his wares, or the bell-ringer ringing his changes—and no one so far has found a true definition of the word "Song," although the word in a compound form has become a subject.

* * *

British Folk-Songs, that is to say English, Scottish, Irish and Welsh have undoubtedly widely different characteristics. To take England first—although in a folk-song sense she has been discovered last—it is sometimes taken as a matter for surprise that England is more varied in folk music and traditional ballads than any other part of the British Islands. If one remembers the history of England from the Roman Conquest down through the Saxon, Norse, and Danish invasions and the Scottish and French raids, not to speak of the fishermen who for centuries have followed the herring shoals round the British and Scandinavian coasts, it should rather be no matter for surprise that in that part of the British Islands you might find the most varied collection of all folk-songs. Such in fact has been the experience of English folk-song collectors, and we have such men as Grieg, Brahms, and even Richard Strauss paying their tribute to the English folk-song. Grieg indeed expressed the view that such wonderful songs could only emanate from a very wonderful people.

* * *

The principal characteristic of the Folk-song found in England shows, that to a large extent it is a survival, consciously or unconsciously, of the ancient Greek Modes or series of scales. There are what may be described as two schools of thought in regard to

Folk-Song generally: the first, the modal, or composed according to rule; the second, the communal or accumulative school. Taking the first, there are thousands of examples of tunes in what are known as the Greek Modes, which have survived, and do still survive, to words adapted and re-adapted, pastoral, amorous, tragic, comic, and dramatic, handed down from remote times with the tunes remaining purely modal—which carries the assumption that the tunes were composed to rule and, therefore, not true folk-song in the sense that they have grown in the communal way, that is, as the common spontaneous expression of the people. It must be remembered that music and singing was in the curriculum of the ordinary education of the Greeks, and the modes were definitely chosen for certain attributes they were supposed to emulate and inspire. Along with these, however, we have masses of tunes which would seem to be what is called communal and to have grown up note by note. That this matter was considered important was testified in the Middle Ages by a certain Emperor of Japan who thought it necessary to issue a special edict forbidding certain intervals to be used in music as they had a baleful effect upon the populace.

* * *

How far the modern scale approximates to that of the ancient Japanese or to the Greeks we do not know. Had they passed through all our music and arrived at these scales as being the most beautiful or are we in fact inventing a new scale? Certainly there is not a known string instrument which coincides to these intervals. The answer may be that given by an old Sussex bell-ringer who, when asked where his repertory of upwards of a thousand songs came from replied: "Oh give us the words and God Almighty sends the tunes." We really know as much about this subject as we like to say we know about ancient history or that of the middle ages. We must concern ourselves with manners and customs handed down traditionally and whether music as an Art was born out of Folk-Song or *vice versa* need not really detain us.

* * *

Ever since Adam delved in his garden, man has turned his face toward the sun and marched westward bringing his customs and traditions with him. Folk-music, in its greatest purity is associated with the march of the Kelts. Who they are or what they were or where they came from is still doubtful; but we do know that wherever they settled they carried their songs and traditions with them. They are to be found chiefly on the Keltic fringe of Europe, Normandy, Brittany, in Scandinavia, the Orkneys, Scotland, Ireland, the Isle of Man, in Wales and Cornwall, and no better example of this clinging to tradition can anywhere be found than in Canada, where I believe it is possible to find people whose

names are purely Scottish, who cherish Scottish traditions, but whose language is French.

* * *

The question arises, not un-naturally, what might be the result if the Art Composers turned to this form for their inspiration. Would a great national music in the best sense arise, or are these songs just the wild flowers of the field so artless in their composition that they should be left and not, as Edmund Waller's rose, be brought forth from the retired light to the flaming sun of the town, and so wither and die?

* * *

These songs have stood the test of thousands of years and they are ever fresh as time itself is. But here we trespass upon art and artlessness and it would seem to demand another sense to say how these songs should be placed.

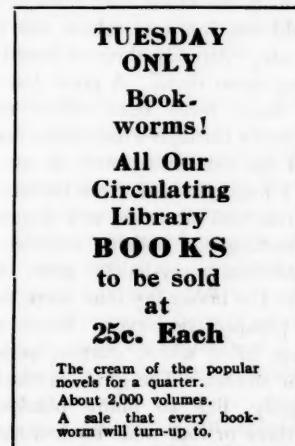
* * *

How much is the Parthenon worth? How much is Rheims Cathedral worth? How much are the Elgin Marbles worth? I sometimes think they may be worth all the artless lives of the slaves that went to build them, and sometimes hardly worth the life of one little child. They are dead, the child is living—these songs are dead, yet they lived in the hearts and minds of millions down the ages, and will no doubt live in the hearts and minds of the millions un-born.

CAMPBELL MCINNES.

Bookworms

I FOUND this on the last page of my evening newspaper the day before yesterday, sandwiched in between accounts of bargains in Women's Vests at 45c and English Grey Enamelware (so good that you can get it practically red-hot, pour water on it, and then it won't chip) at 85c.



Making inquiries from the member of the household most likely to be able to supply reliable infor-

mation regarding the matter, I found out that the department store offering these bargains would open for business at nine o'clock in the morning. It would be better to be on hand promptly at that hour if I wished to get the pick of the two thousand volumes.

It was 8.52 when I alighted from a street car at the door of the department store. Numerous young females of varied size, shape and costume were hurrying up the side-street toward the employees' entrance. I saw no book-worms among them. However I noticed a small gathering outside one of the revolving doors and realized that these must be the animals for which I was looking. I joined the group and found myself in the company of one elderly white-haired lady; an anxious-looking mother having two girls of about ten with her; another robust female with a budding moustache and carrying a very large flowered shopping bag; one rather classy-looking member of the same sex, whom lack of familiarity with the precise terms applicable to certain garments of certain fabrics and textures prevents me from describing adequately; a man of about forty with a roll of blueprints in one hand and a morning paper (which he was reading) in the other; and a tall gentleman of austere countenance and remarkable thinness with shaggy grey hair, shaggy grey woolen suit and shaggy grey overcoat.

A shirt-sleeved man was busily breathing upon the brass fittings on the far side of the revolving door and polishing them with a cloth. The crowd grew until there were about twenty possible book-worms present. Suddenly the man within donned his coat and permitted the door to revolve. One second it was standing there motionless; the next it was revolving; one figure had stepped out of a segment into the store; two others occupied those moving inward; I stood ready to dart into the fourth as it came around.

Then I was in the store. At the end of the aisle ahead I could see the spot where the books were exposed for sale. Already three or four book-worms were browsing upon them. A great fear came over me. There must have been other and earlier-opening entrances through which these had wriggled. I hurried. I did not run or move in an undignified manner but I hurried. But even before I got there the book-worms had increased to a dozen.

Inside a rectangle of polished counter lurked half a dozen black-clad wavy-haired girls. On the top of the counter the books lay four deep, titles turned toward the prospective buyer. There were books of red, green, blue, white, purple, yellow and all other popular shades. The girls watched the book-worms hungrily, like so many black-eyed birds. There were three or four male book-worms and nine or ten of the opposite sex. One of the male book-worms, and old gentleman with white hair and moustache, had already selected nearly a dozen

volumes. I hated him. Perhaps he had collared the very ones I would have selected.

Even while I looked, half a dozen more book-worms appeared. I fell to work, I rushed feverishly up the side of the counter, trying to read a dozen titles at a time, trying to locate something I might want before somebody else found it.

I don't usually buy books that way. To me a book is something to be acquired thoughtfully, unhurriedly, preferably amid the dust of a second-hand store. But here a book was merely \$1.25 or \$1.50 or possible \$2.00 worth of the literature of yesterday, or the day before that again, marked down to 25c; thrown upon the market in order to make way for the literature of today, which would in its turn be quickly shoved out by the literature of tomorrow. There was no time to discuss with oneself, to read a few pages here and there. It was a time for quick decisions.

I saw a book that I might want; *Java Head* by Hergesheimer. I got my fingers on it just as a female book-worm stretched her hand toward it. One of the girls behind the counter saw me. "Will you take that one, mister?" she chirped. I started guiltily. Then I handed it over. "You might keep it for me," I said, "There may be some others." "Sure, mister, here's one maybe you'd like." She held out the first one she could reach. It was by a man named Spearman. "You'll like it," she assured me. "I read it an' I know." However, I refused to purchase. I moved onward, darting in here and there wherever there was elbow room.

By this time the counter was a book-worm and a half deep all the way round. I selected about a dozen more volumes or rather I picked them up to look at them and the girl with the chirpy voice scared me into handing each one over. A male book-worm bored in next to me. "Quite an assortment," I ventured, as an opening for conversation. "Not bad," he admitted, grasping an armful of the nearer books. "I'm openin' a circulatin' libr'y an' lots of these is all right fur me." He kept gathering them in and passing them back to one of the girls. "I'm on'y buyin' the noes with good covers or that I know are good." I advised him to take one by Will E. Ingersoll. "He's a Canadian writer," I said. He regarded it doubtfully. "They don't care much ur Canadian writers," he said, referring I presume to his prospective clients. "Give them a little New-York pep. That's what they want." He advised me to buy anything I came across by William McFee or Robert Watson. "They take big," he told me. He also had great respect for Frank L. Packard, despite the fact of his being a Canadian.

An old lady book-worm demanded of one of the waiting girls, "Aint you got any by Dickens? Surely you got some by Dickens." The girl searched diligently as far as she could reach but somehow

Dickens did not appear to be present among the popular novels of the day. A male book-worm a short distance to the right was also disappointed in his search for Stevenson. "Was there any partic'lar book by him yuh wanted?" asked the girl waiting upon him. "No, no; I just wanted any good one by him." "Jen, did yuh see any books by a man named Stevenson?" "No, May, I aint been lookin'. But say, May, how do yuh think this book by a fellow named Empey 'd be? It looks as if it'd be kind of nice. I saw a movie by him once." "Oh, I read that an' it's about the War. Take somethin' newer, Jen, the War's over long ago. No, sir, I don't think we got anything by Stevenson."

I recommended the purchase of a much-worn copy of Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* to a mild-looking man with a stringy moustache. "It's good reading," I told him, "and you wont find it in all libraries." He regarded both myself and the volume doubtfully and displayed a copy of one of Harold Bell Wright's works that he had discovered. "This is the sort of thing I like," he told me. "They're exciting, sort of, and you know you're getting one of the best." A moment later, I noticed a long-faced clergyman making a cursory examination of *Sister Carrie* and then adding it to his collection; possibly for the Sunday School library.

On all sides of me the book-worms were working, tossing books aside, stacking them up, handing them to the girls to be wrapped. I heard their voices. "I'm looking for books with big type and not too much in them." "Oh, no, I don't care for him. He always writes in 'I'. I can't stand a book that's written in 'I'." "I wish' Joe was here. He knows so much about books. He's always bringin' them home from the hotel. Lots of people leave them in their rooms." "I wonder if they got any Joseph Hocking. I do like Joseph Hocking. His books are so much alike. He's kind of restful." "I don't want any gloomy stuff. Give me something with lots of love in it."

I tried to remember what books I had selected but couldn't think of more than a couple. I'm not used to buying my books on snap judgments. However, the girl said I had a dozen and I paid down three dollars with the understanding that the dozen would reach my home before night. Hoping for the best, I detached myself from the squirming struggling mass and went off to my day's business.

When I arrived home last evening, I found that I had acquired two volumes by H. G. Wells, the same number by W. H. Hudson, a volume of Ambrose Pierce's short stories, *The Canadian Commonwealth Tutt and Mr. Tutt, Mince Pie* by Christopher Morley, and a volume each by Irwin S. Cobb, Sherwood Anderson, Joseph Hergesheimer and Theodore Dreiser. Altogether a very satisfactory buy for three dollars. So, in case they run another sale of

the kind shortly, I hope to find myself again among the book-worms.

To-day they were selling men's handkerchiefs at 79c a dozen and women's handkerchiefs at a little lower figure at the same counter with the same girls waiting. I took a walk round that way just for old times' sake and I noticed that a lot of yesterday's book-worms were buying handkerchiefs today.

T. M. MORROW.

Some Canadian Painters: Lawren Harris

IN starting a series of critical articles on Canadian painters one is conscious of treading on new ground. There is, indeed, an altogether anomalous situation in Canada with regard to her artists. They represent the furthest point in the nation's cultural development and are just beginning to establish their reputation beyond the boundaries of Canada. Meanwhile critical opinion on art exhibitions is practically non-existent. Those who find themselves under the spell of this vital native movement and endeavour to carry contemplation to the point of real study and analysis look in vain for so much as one printed paragraph that will stimulate or enlighten them. It would seem as if this art which Canada is producing is not yet considered a matter for expert or even for considered opinion and the average press report is, with here and there a welcome exception, written by one who quite patently has no particular desire for the job and has nothing to contribute to the subject. This sort of thing is harmful and cannot last for many more years. Meanwhile, if the press remains inert and the authoritative critic silent, it is for those whose interest is keen enough to take the lead and write at least with deliberation on a subject that contains so much more than meets the eye. There is always the possibility of helping others and oneself to a clearer view.

* * *

Mr. Lawren Harris is a natural first choice for discussion. It is in the nature of his work to arrest the attention. If he is represented at all extensively in any given exhibition his pictures leap to the eye. They have to be disposed of before any others can be looked at. He has exhibited steadily in Canada for ten years or more and is by this time a well-known figure. His work has taken on very marked characteristics and can probably be very clearly visualized by any who have seen an example of it even several years ago. In this sense his work already means something to those who know it. Any opinion on modern Canadian painting is apt to take colour from one's particular opinion of Mr. Harris's work.

There are two kinds of subject that Mr. Harris has chiefly occupied himself with. He has made a field

almost his own in "shack" subjects, deriving most of his inspiration from the 'Ward', Toronto, with its decaying wood-work and crumbling stucco and its bright-shawled women. He began with literal pencil-sketches, one of which, ten years old, was reproduced in the last issue of *THE CANADIAN FORUM*, and with atmospheric effects of snow or sunset which would nowadays be dismissed as Dutch and sentimental but which had the merit of being intelligible and sincere. From these he proceeded to starker, less sympathetic pattern studies of trees and houses in front elevation which were an advance in sheer skill but left one wondering as to the mental attitude of the artist to his subject.

His other field is one which he shares with practically every other Canadian artist, that of landscape. Here again he has painted with an almost exclusively decorative interest, typified by his elaborate series of large snow designs. It was in these that the flat treatment of landscape was most simply and successfully worked out and made intelligible to the general public. It is a perfectly legitimate aspect of landscape and whilst it is apt to become cold and external it is inherent in any panoramic scenery such as ours and to that extent interprets it, however partially. So far then we have a general picture of the artist's work up to two or three years ago. Or rather two pictures, one of a landscape in two planes, the near plane containing, let us say, a screen of spruce trees snow-laden and in shade, and the further plane with distant trees and hills in sparkling, buoyant sunlight. The other picture, equally familiar to the gallery-goer, shows perhaps a row of two-storied houses running horizontally out of either end of the canvas and seen from the other side of the road through the screen of pavement trees, crusted with snow or golden-leaved or in the naked tracery of twigs.

All these bright and stimulating canvases, backed up by a large body of related sketches, served to establish a solid reputation. The landscapes were not overburdened with inwardness, but they gave pictorial expression to the unreflective exhilaration that Canadians continually experience on days of characteristic weather. And the city subjects must have led many a one from the pictures to the city itself where they rediscovered for themselves the curious charm that lurks in monotonous streets and in the older houses that stand strangely among the new, which came but a generation later and yet set a vast gulf between the city's present and its immediate but somehow almost mysterious past.

These pictures are normal and enjoyable. They probably seemed unreal in colour at first but they will seem less so year by year, as we learn to see the outer Canadian world as it is and abandon the false basis of English and Dutch atmosphere, which is just as foreign to our climate as the peerage is foreign to our social structure. There is no problem in

Mr. Harris's work thus far. But his recent productions have pointed to a change, which has been very much in evidence at the two Group of Seven exhibitions. Hanging side by side with the work of artists who are making it clearer year by year that their work is organic, that it holds together and will yield its meaning to those who will study it without haste, his pictures as a whole have seemed disturbingly arbitrary, perspicuous enough in outward fact but in mental attitude provocative and even abnormal. One has to ask the question "What is wrong with Mr. Harris?" Impertinent or not, it is being asked, not by one but by many, and the only way to dispose of the question is to attempt to answer it.

The extremest example of his present work is "Island—MacCallum Lake" (Group of Seven, 1921, No. 74). It is a smallish canvas almost completely filled by a bizarre little island in Algoma, completely covered by a grotesque clump of trees which are quite possibly true in outline to the actual vegetation. The curved line of lake-shore trees is seen running out of the picture on either side at some distance. The configuration of the subject suggests some giant hairy pimple, unwashed and magnified. It expresses to the intelligence the weirdness of the North Country, but it does not evoke the feeling of nature nor even place one out-of-doors. The point of view seems to have been dictated by the intellect and directed towards the curious and the occult. This is quite within the artist's sphere. Poe and Baudelaire and Dunsany have entered this field successfully.

The picture is painted with great technical power. The island is amazingly solid. That is to say, it is solid to the eye before the mind has recognized it as an island and therefore necessarily solid. There is no use of atmosphere to suggest solidity; the island is in the immediate foreground, in front of the atmosphere, as it were. It is solid like an apple on the table. Most pictures of apples are not solid; one merely recognizes that apples are being depicted and remembers that apples are solid. Cézanne was the man who saw through this and set about remedying it in his art. Mr. Harris with a studied use of lines and planes achieves a real technical success. His trees are made to conform to the technique employed. They are not filled with air spaces but have the chunkiness of candy or stalactites.

The third feature of the picture is its colour which is a scheme of searingly hot reds. One feels that they are capable of setting the wall on fire. In themselves they are blazing with vitality but it certainly does not proceed from the subject and seems rather to be the expression of Mr. Harris's own unquenchable energy, and of his enjoyment of paint.

Here then are three aspects of a picture, all of them defensible in themselves and all interesting. But do they naturally associate themselves to form a plausible work of art? For one person definitely



DRAWING

BY

LAWREN HARRIS

no. They seem rather to fly in three different directions. The interest in subject is one thing; it seems rococo rather than natural, but it is there. The handling is another. Mr. Harris appears to have travelled in his technique from an interest in flats to an interest in solids and so by a mere coincidence in time paints his island with his eye fixed on the third dimension; the subject, which clearly trenches on the spooky and the arabesque, would seem to call for a less emphatic treatment. And the vitality of the colour does not seem to bear any relation to either of these. One would expect it to be cool and quiet instead of which it is noisy and scorching.

It would seem as if head, heart, and hand had worked in ignorance of one another. If one comes at the picture with any one of these it may or may not prove interesting but if one comes at it with two or all three of these in conjunction it simply produces perplexity and annoyance. Human nature cannot cope with dreams that are more solid than reality or with ghost stories that are boisterous as trumpets. The blood refuses to freeze and to palpitate at one and the same time. Mr. Harris offers an incongruous thing, an oxymoron, a bitter-sweet, a choke-cherry.

The fundamental fault in this picture spreads itself wholly or partially, in one form or another, over three-fourths of the pictures that Mr. Harris has recently painted. He seems to have, at present, blind partitions within his mind which keep it from fusing, as it should, in the process of artistic creation. The three gray sisters of the Classical myth had one eye between them which they passed from one to the other. When the one could see the other two were temporarily blind. The eye often got lost and suffered as an instrument from irregular usage. There is perhaps a special meaning for Mr. Harris in this little legend.

Mr. Harris shows again and again that he has an enviable command of colour and paint. He has also, no matter what his subject, irrepressible vitality and health. But his thought is perplexing so that one asks, when confronted with a group of his pictures: "Why did he paint this particular set at this particular time?" One misses the organic sense of all-round growth. And where that is lacking the work soon wearies. It may however, be inherent in Mr. Harris to dwell on incongruities. Provided the various parts of himself take a peep at one another over the partitions and save him from being blindly arbitrary he may achieve his goal without retracing his steps. When compared with some of his contemporaries he is not a landscape artist at all; he does not penetrate nature. Perhaps the reason is that nature is never incongruous and never makes mistakes. She avenges herself upon those who do not treat her naturally. There is indeed one at least of Mr. Harris's recent landscapes which almost

proves the contrary. It is called "Beaver Pond" (1921) and depicts a group of swamped and decaying tree-trunks with the last rays of sun on it. It suggests a sort of vegetable Stonehenge and as a piece of columnar uncanniness it compels acceptance. But it is surely an exception and not a theme to develop.

It is human nature and human society that contradicts itself and this we think is Mr. Harris's great and peculiar field. Irony is never far to seek in a modern city and Mr. Harris has a unique gift for seizing on it. Some of his recent 'shack' pictures, notably "A Wet Day" (1920) set down the sinister and impressive aspects of poverty with a truly Heinesque power. This is his finest and most individual work and when one recalls his sensitiveness to the beauty of the city as well as to its ugliness one cannot but think that he will go furthest in this field and find it best fitted to his strangely compounded temperament. Perhaps as time goes on he will shift the emphasis somewhat from the buildings people inhabit to the people themselves.

BARKER FAIRLEY.

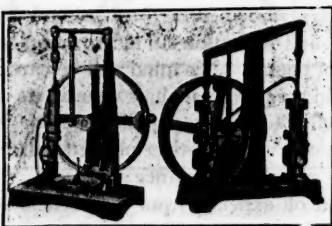
Our Bookshelf

Economics

The Elements of Social Science, by R. M. MacIver (Methuen).

This is a book of which the hackneyed phrase can be used with fresh and literal truth—it is fortunate in the moment of its appearance. The literature of social science grows fast; in fact, with more speed than discretion. Some excellent work has been done in specialized branches by true scholars; notably anthropological, historical and industrial, in collecting the exact material on which alone a secure valuation of social forces can be based. We have had brilliant restatements of social theory, aimed at the discovery of a formula for reconstruction. We have had profound and far-reaching explorations into human nature, aiming to reveal the principles in obedience to which social development can be safely influenced or controlled. But they have remained as yet unrelated, and one or the other is apt to obscure the rest, and even to become an obsession in the mind of the enthusiast who lacks either the temper, the facilities, or the time, to be a student of so vast a field.

The time is not quite ripe for such an integration as was achieved for an older generation, on a slighter and more manageable mass of material, by Comte or Spencer. The task is a formidable one in face of the rapidly increasing complexity of social experience and accumulated knowledge. Hence the need of an introduction for students, and the welcome that awaits this admirable book. Professor MacIver had already, as long ago as 1914, added to the dignity of the litera-



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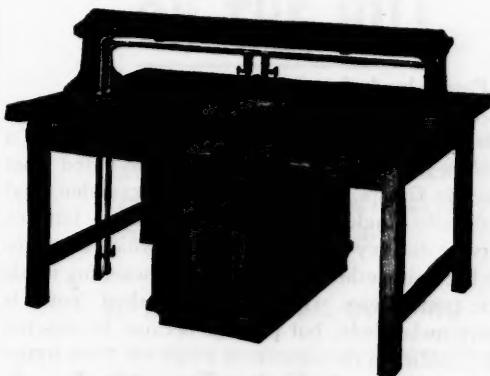
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Toronto, May, 1921.



STUDENTS' CHEMISTRY TABLE, No. 890

Designed for the small school chemistry laboratory. Eight students may use it, working in sections of four each.

ture of a subject not rich in classics. In "Community" his philosophic training showed itself stubborn enough to resist the tendency of many sociological books to liquefy; his quick sympathy overcame the desiccating tendency of others. His sense of structure not only secured a safe foundation of thinking, but informed a style which could rise on occasion to eloquence without ever becoming slipshod or perfunctory.

These virtues are evident on the smaller scale of this book, and have made it as a text-book both living and orderly. Two great services it will do for the student. It will make for clear thinking in the use of terms—for one of the difficulties of the study of social science lies in the use of words whose exactness is blurred in common speech; only in highly specialized branches is there the safeguard of a professional jargon. And it will give a trustworthy map of a large part of a complicated field of study. Indeed it is certain that Professor MacIver's experience in the Department of Social Service made him aware of the need which his skill and learning have enabled him to meet.

J. A. D.

While Europe Waits for Peace, by Pierrepont Noyes (Macmillan).

A strong appeal to America, strengthened by the author's position as American Rhineland Commissioner, on behalf of a Europe which is not making an economic recovery.

Poetry

Poems, by Arthur S. Bourinot.

A less modest author might have named this slender volume of short poems *Consolations of a Canadian in Exile*. Different poems are dated from Rockcliffe Camp, Paris, Freiburg, Holzminden, and occasionally allude to the loss of comrades; but not otherwise do they deal with the war, which seems to have been altogether depressing and unexciting to his poetic sensibilities. His most prevalent note is pensive melancholy, but perhaps because he was too good a soldier in circumstances which left little to the imagination to make more desperate, he does not always speak out the pathos which more sentimental natures have often expressed with much less inspiration. His poetry exhibits the artistic value of a reticence which would appear to be an expression of the poet's nature rather than of his poetic creed. He gives us the silver lining of beautiful sad thoughts, but occasionally withholds the context of the dark cloud which could give significance to the beauty which kept his mind above boredom and misery. A sonnet called *The Snake Fence* and a descriptive sketch, *The Old Indian*, are especially interesting, and typical of the earlier *Laurentian Lyrics* by this same author.

C. E. A.

Memories in Melody, by A. C. Nash (Ryerson Press, Toronto).

The reader who regrets the world of Victorian romance will find a chapter added to his pleasure in this volume of poems. His mind will be carried back to the dear old scene with its hair wreath, its sampler, its conch shell, its autograph album, and the antimacassar, where every prospect pleased and

"Whate'er smackt of noyance or unrest

Was far, far off expelled from that delicious nest."

Even the unfortunate have the option of two conditions of hell—of poverty with perfect virtue or of wickedness with great wealth, it being understood that in either case everything is quite genteel. In *Ruth*, the longest poem, one may read in rich fluent verse a tale tragic enough to hale the souls out of nine milliners and almost as exciting as *Maud* or *Lady Clare*. In a series of lyrics the remorseful villain tells of his flight to Paris to earn the more romantic arts of wickedness, of his restless wandering to Southern Seas to forget the gamekeeper's daughter, of his inheritance of vast wealth by his father's death, of his search for the betrayed Ruth, of discovering her dying in a "garret bare," of his rescue of her child and his heroic decision to live on and tend the baby.

Poems, by A. L. Phelps (The English Club of Cornell College, Iowa).

This tiny volume of less than twenty pages of verse was put together by some of the staff and pupils of Cornell College, where Mr. Phelps is, at present, a Professor of English Literature. The range from which the author picks his material is quite extensive. Now it is the quiet singing of a brook running through an Ontario farm that evokes a lyric note as clear as that of the brook itself, and now a problem picture dealing with some modern phase of the existence of the submerged tenth that is portrayed in language adjusted to the theme. Lyrics and sonnets, however, predominate and these, particularly "By the Fire," "All Hallows Eve," "Thoughts" and "Rheims" show such a fine sense of workmanship that one might be pardoned for quarrelling a little with the compilers for giving us such a slim exhibition of the gift which Mr. Phelps has so often demonstrated to Canadian readers.

E. J. P.

Fiction

Growth of the Soil, by Knut Hamsun (Macmillan).

One book written by the winner of the 1920 Nobel Prize for literature has already been reviewed in these columns. "Hunger" and "Growth of the Soil" have one common characteristic. Both are elemental. But "Hunger" is pathological, convulsive; "Growth of the Soil" is what the name implies, sane, grandly calm, mighty with the patient might of toiling Nature. There are one or two less pleasing features. Hamsun's women in this book are

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month to month in the *Labour Gazette* under the heading of Family Budget represent with a good deal of precision what has been occurring. The facts from which the Family Budget is compiled are collected in sixty Canadian cities and the Budget itself probably represents fairly well the consumption of an efficiently conducted family in the higher ranks of labour.

The cost of goods in the Family Budget during 1913 was \$14.02 per week. The cost of the same goods in 1920 was \$25.88 per week. In other words (if the list may be trusted) the retail cost of living for a worker's family had risen by about 85% during the seven years under review. This coincides closely with the rise in wages of about 86% which we have already noticed.

One is tempted to conclude from this that the standard of life of the wage earner was well maintained during and after the war. Particularly noticeable is the increase in the wage paid to common labour in factories (98.3%), which is considerably greater

than the presumed increase in the retail cost of living. It is curious that the most conspicuous rise in wages occurred in what is perhaps the least organized group of workers.

But it would be rash to conclude from these figures that the standard of life of the worker was actually so well maintained. The facts in the Family Budget relate only to foodstuffs, laundry starch, fuel, lighting and rent. In particular they do not include necessary expenditure on clothing. Now the war made demands on the clothing trades which were particularly heavy. In the period of rising prices the price of textile products rose almost half as fast again as prices in general. If the Family Budget included an allowance for expenditure on clothing, there is no doubt that the rise in the retail cost of living would have been distinctly more than 85%. Although some were earning considerable sums for overtime, it is very improbable that, even before the present depression began, the workers of Canada, as a whole, were as well off as they had been in 1913.

G. E. JACKSON.

ERRATUM

**For Page 282 read page 286 and
for page 286 read page 282.**

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Trade and Industry

OWING to the possibility that there may be a printers' strike in June THE CANADIAN FORUM is compelled this month to go to press a week before the usual time. It is, therefore, impossible to bring up-to-date the table which has so far been presented every month at the head of this column. We hope that in the July number the figures for June and July may be published as usual.

WAGES AND THE COST OF LIVING

In a series of economic upheavals such as have been seen in the last ten years the maintenance of the standard of living of the worker is a matter of the first importance. The labour interests have long maintained that the rise in the cost of living has outstripped the rise in wages. From their standpoint the balance can only be restored (and the standard of life of the worker be maintained), either by a rise in wages to meet the cost of living, or by a fall in the cost of living which is *not* accompanied by falling wages. On the other hand, the business interests maintain with equal conviction that normal conditions of industry can only be restored by cutting down production costs and that this involves an inevitable fall in wages.

Beyond question, both these claims are quite sincere. The root of the trouble lies in a divergence between the movements of wholesale and retail prices. There is no doubt that wholesale prices rose faster till June, 1920 than the retail prices of most goods required for domestic consumption. There is also no doubt that since then the fall in retail prices has been considerably less than the fall in wholesale prices. The business man naturally compares his wage bill with the prices of the things he sells, which have fallen very quickly. The worker compares his wages with the prices of the things he has to buy, which have fallen very slowly.

Ordinarily it is impossible to test either contention by reference to facts. We have not had the data which would make possible a comparison of the wages paid in Canadian industry, between one year and the next. But at the moment we are in a singularly fortunate position. The Department of Labour at Ottawa, which is indefatigable in its work of useful industrial research, has recently published a report of great value,¹ whose results can be compared directly with the Family Budget tables, published from month to month in the *Labour Gazette*.

¹Wages and Hours of Labour in Canada 1901 to 1920. Department of Labour, Canada.

No trade union official, no large employer of labour, no head of a government department can afford to be without this document.

It may be useful to readers of this page if the facts are briefly summarized. The Department of Labour has studied seven classes of employees in the building trades, five in the metal trades, two in the printing trades, one in the street railways, six on the steam railways,¹ thirty-five samples of common factory labour, seventy-two samples in miscellaneous factory trades, and fifteen samples in lumbering. Expressing the wages of 1913 in each case as 100, the change from year to year is calculated both in hourly and in weekly rates. The difference between changes in hourly rates and in weekly rates is often quite considerable since the great increase which has occurred in hourly rates of wages has been accompanied almost uniformly during the last few years by a reduction in the working day. To simplify the tables published in the *Labour Gazette* we print here a comparison between the weekly money rates of wages paid in Canada during 1913 and 1920.

	1913	1920
Bldg. Trades	100.0	171.9
Metal Trades	100.0	189.3
Printing Trades	100.0	181.7
Street Rlys.	100.0	179.1
Lumbering	100.0	191.4
Common Labour in Factories	100.0	198.3
Miscellaneous Factory Trades	100.0	192.9

The average increase in weekly money rates of wages for the seven classes of labour here studied is 86.4%. Wholesale prices rose considerably more than this in the period from 1913 to 1920; but here we are concerned with the retail prices which the worker had to pay. Now it is possible that the cost of living has not changed in exactly the same degree for any two groups of workers. If one group has to spend an unduly large proportion of its wage on food, while another has to spend an unduly large proportion on rent, then a change in the retail price of foodstuffs and in rents for both of them, will not affect them in the same degree. If foodstuffs have risen faster than rentals, the former group will feel the change the more intensely and *vice versa*.

But while it is impossible to state for the workers of Canada as a whole that in any period the cost of living rose in a certain definite proportion, there is no reason to doubt that the figures presented from

¹But it did not secure a weekly rate for these.



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frail, or too strongly passionate, as you will. One discerning woman reader better puts it that they lack primal sensibility. But this is not obtruded: it is not a sex story.

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It might be the story of an old Ontario settlement, except that the man and his ways are more primitive than was normally the case here. But no descendant of the great settlers of Canada can fail to hear in the epic grandeur of this man's struggle the echoes of that stupendous strife with the wilderness.

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"Isak walked bareheaded, in Jesu name, a sower. Like a tree-stump to look at, but in his heart like a child. Every cast was made with care, in a spirit of kindly resignation."

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J. D. R.

SHORTER NOTICES

The Guarded Heights, by W. Camp (Gundy).

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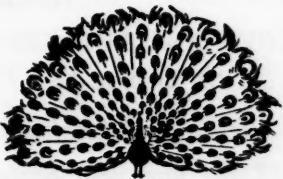
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